Attn: Nicola Mason, Editor, Acre Books

From: William Tressler RE: Submission of partial manuscript

Are You ready for this? I hope so... “Words For You, Words Because of You” is the book that contains all the words and poetry that every woman wishes to hear. This collection is extraordinary in that, in its entirety, it was written by one man for his wife, celebrating the miracle of their history, their epic love, their shared interests and madnesses, and more importantly, their throught-it-all-friendship... and in words that will cause women to berate their mates for not having said them themselves, and cause men to go out and secretly buy the book for the purposes of using select quotes to woo and win the objects of their fancy.

The author, William Tressler, is one of the last true artistic souls we have left on earth. His creative talents are diverse, plentiful, and extreme. As longtime thrash metal\punk rock guitarist/songwriter/performer, his many bands have shared the stage with a dizzying assortment of music's top headlining acts still touring the world today- Prong, Sacred Reich, Nuclear Assault, King Diamond, D.R.I., M.D.C., Faith No More, Paul Di Anno's Battlezone, Fear Factory, Hed PE, and others too numerous to list. As an outlaw underground writer, he's penned dozens of articles, CD and Movie reviews, cartoons, a long standing trash horoscope collumn and interview pieces for Colorado's legendary Pit Magazine. He's performed in comedy clubs, poetry readings and in many entertainment capacities.

His latest manuscript, “WORDS FOR YOU, WORDS BECAUSE OF YOU: A HUSBAND'S LOVE POETRY TO HIS WIFE” is sure to be a rarely discovered treasure for the literary community at large that will benefit those whom publish it first and propel the name William Tressler to the fame, acclaim and success words of these calibre fairly demand. He and it's a perfect fit for Acre Books because of the obvious close attention they give to ensuring quality over quantity in the authors they select for publishing. Neither William Tressler, nor Acre Books are

afraid to hold back the raw honesty and power that many of the world's contemporary publishing outfits discourage in the name of Political Correctness and puritanical concerns. Its strong, raw, funny, incredibly eloquent, fearless, yet smoothly poetic and touchingly heartfelt.

"Words For You, Words Because of you" is presented in a kind of jumbled chronology of order spanning twenty-plus years of one man writing for his wife, the woman he loves, and for the truest follower of his talents. If possible, inclusion of copies of the many pages written originally on notebook paper and adorned with sketches and hilarious drawings, can be provided as illustrations to show the true heart and heartfelt efforts of his expression for the love of a woman he's never stopped writing for.

CONTACT INFORMATION

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William Tressler **20155 SAKALA RD. RAMAH, CO. 80832**

"WORDS FOR YOU, WORDS BECAUSE OF YOU" **(719) 726 - 5197**

A SILENT VOYEUR AMIDST THE SPLENDOR

(UNDATED)

"Love," said the blue sky to the green grasses, "What is Love? Surely such a thing known to humans must be known to all things as well. How can the azure Summer sky stretching infinitely above not have claim to such?"

"Ah, but Love," said the ancient oak tree below, "Love is beyond such inconstant realities claimed, for isn't the very nature of Summer skies one of constant change? Doesn't Tomorrow bring forth from the past night's darkness the possibility of storm clouds carried grayly upon less temperate winds? And doesn't Summer move ever-onward toward the crispness of Fall? And Fall into Winter? For what is changeless about this?"

"What is love, if not for the songs of joyous Sparrows nesting?" asked the birds from within it's strongly gnarled branches. "Isn't the sound of such reverberating through the sun-warmed fields no truer melody than that which Love can boast?"

"Ah, but Love," chuckled the mighty oak, "Love is a music beyond the ken of hearing. Its notes relinquish the symphonic complexity befitting a miracle as grand as this. Sparrows sing only the songs that call the individual toward reponsive plurality, the singularly manisfeted melody of your mating music. Love

sings from a multitude of throats, of many notes, of many compostions, for many diverse and necessary ends..."

And as I sat there, notebook in lap, pen at the ready, listening to Nature's wisest at its best and thinking of you, as a silent voyeur amidst the splendor, I started writing furiously down all that was silent for everyone else to hear execpt for me... at least right then.

TO THEE, MY LOVE

(WRITTEN 05/31/2015)

War-painted angel smiling down on me,

A beauty to rival any nighttime sky...

Your wings comfort me on nights your lips are absent.

But it's your lips I long for, not your wings.

I remember Summer's sultry days cascading off your naked shoulders and birds singing upon gentle breezes.

Our love was new, undamaged by mitigation,

every touch a new discovery, every smile a rapture,

every kiss like rays of sunlight parting dark clouds.

How my heart was yours to take, not mine to give.

You took what was left of me, a broken machine of flesh and pain,

and tenderly rebuilt me with patient resolve...

Rebuilt me into a better man no longer afraid to smile...

and a captive to lips and wings and to Thee, My Love,

my war-painted angel...

And bravely I can face another day.

THIS PERFECT SILENCE

(WRITTEN 02/15/2015)

The sun unblinking above,

the earth unyielding below,

and somewhere between

these captured words released

on to a fury of white page...

No gods.

No devils.

No intangible somethings.

Just this perfect silence,

while thought becomes deed and our eyes bleed from the truth.

We drink in the silence between walls, laugh to break the monotony.

It's just you and I against the world, kid...

But you're asleep right now and these words are dancing within me.

So for the two of us, I'll celebrate this joyous madness

and leave behind what spoken words

have failed us.

JUST THE FACTS, PLEASE

(WRITTEN 11/05/2010)

There is a sunset of majesty in her eyes, in her laughter, in her smile, and I knew not how empty was my life until it was filled with her cloying presence.

Like fire,

she is an ancient gift borne of the gods.

She warms the chill of my flesh when I alone shiver,

and chases away shadows with the warmth of her glow.

Like fire,

the Flame of Her dances brightly in my eyes:

Both an element that nurtures down through the ages or burns cruelly

the hand that disrespects her.

She is a consuming force, no doubt, that needs no figurative comparison to get the point across;

And poetic cliches do her true nature no worthy justice, serving only to confuse an issue that is, at its best, simplistic of form but no less dynamic of description.

So humbly, I give you the facts laid bare.

A vision of beauty: She is everything to me;

My very life and heart and soul...

The woman I love and wish to spend the rest of my years writing only for.

JENNIFER

(WRITTEN 08/19/2003)

Held against a backdrop of your love, may Heaven pale in comparison.

And the wingless flight of dreams know of no greater soaring heights when carried on the scent of you, My Love. And how boundlessly we'd fly, unrestrained by such commonalities as average love against such a backdrop.

You and I, in coupled soul's embrace,

as masters above everything else below us.

***IRR*EGARDLESS...**

(WRITTEN 04/05/2011)

Love talks in the slience between moments,

and laughs captured by your smile,

by the blinding glow of inspired words.

Love is here now, in the roonm that we share.

In a lifetime of fate and the future unfolding.

It is here now, staring at us from a thousand yesterdays, from a thousand tiny eyes unseen, while you sit there, statuesque and beautiful, putting your makeup on and doubtless wondering just how in the hell you got here.

SHE'S ONLY BEEN GONE FOR FIVE MINUTES, DUDE!

(WRITTEN 12-21-2010)

I think of life without you, without your face, without your laugh, without your love,and can feel the grip of maddness taking hold of me...

There is a nothing in my soul where the maddness ends so vast,

so blisslessly all-consuming without you, even in my thoughts, that I dare not confront it even in passing fancy...

I think of life without you and suddenly there is no tenuous joy to celebrate, no smiling release, no happy endings to greet me,

no reason for my words...

For without you, all that is to be written tastes without muse,

tastes without flavor or passion or the rightness of your smile reading them. Without you, my words would resound dully, flatly, sourfully,

without excitement or gamble or necessity to to guide them...

Without you there is no me, no me that I would recognize, for sure...

Without you, in my place all that would remain would be a writer without words, a musician without melody, an artist bereft of the eye to see beauty and capture it-

A broken down shell of a once mighty man now wracked with ceaseless tears, faltering smiles, and a shattered heart where once drummed love now silent forever...

You are the sweet mistress who owns my very world...

Please, return to me always.

WORDS FOR YOU, WORDS BECAUSE OF YOU

To my one splendid beauty of light and love,

my perfect other and partner in crime...

We've been down this road before, haven't we, my dear?

Me, the writer and you, the subject,

and the words of our lives together spilling out onto the page once again...

I never tire of writing about you, my love, because I know at least your eyes will read these words and appreciate them...

And you have been the one constant reader of my words since first you read them so long ago...

It seems that I've been writing for you ever since...

I hope that the words I write for you never stale or repeat themselves...repeat themselves...repeat themselves...

I hope that they sing to you just as they always have...

Because you are my only muse, my one true muse, whose beauty and laughter and love continues to inspire me to great depths within myself...

Without you, I am a lightless dark,a shadow in the night, a wayward spirit lost from his path and devoid of his purpose...

Without you, I am reduced to a meaningless expense, a half subtracted from the whole I was a part of...

And I know that I haven't much to offer a beautiful woman such as yourself, that my words are really only worth a currency of zero in reality...

But do know that every of every page I've written for you contain the truth of the love for you I feel when I look up and see you there...

That my words are meant to tell you the things that my spoken words neglect to...

So, once again and forever more, take from me these words meant only for you, my love;

These words for you, these words because of you...

My only gold to dazzle the only treasure in my life with.

PERFECTION

(WRITTEN 08-31-2010)

Eyes like the glittering smile of diamonds

set above a flesh of heaven...

So many glorious nights we've shared-

drunk by the attraction of proximity,

captives of the other's favor...

And love done well is love done the only way-

I'm not saying we're perfect, but certainly leagues better than what has

come before...

Of couse, perfection is a catcheism of thought-

a vague word describing an even vaguer concept...

Perfecction to me is the comfortable silence between us, when nothing needs be said,

the sharing of sly glances, understanding...

Or seeing you from the stage watching me...

We're meant for each other-

two damaged humans whose spare parts just might make one whole person,

and indeed we found the warmth of each others' touch through an impossiblity of blind chance chased with luck-

our births, our lives, our paralel paths-

a mere formality of fate...

It seems we were meant, arm in arm,

to share a lifetime of golden sunrises together.

FOR YOU

(WRITTEN 12-15-2015)

This is for you -

the captor of my heart, the spell that dizzies my blood,

the vision of beauty chasing away the dark...

This is for you-

unlikely acquatance, deliverance of fate, gift from the silence, a last chance angel for the longshot of a broken man...

You are the silk in my words, the charge in my veins, the tingling warmth in my loins, the tear preceeding the emotion,the spark in my staring eyes, the blissful madness inside my head...

You are the muse taming my savageness, the breath of my desires, the impetus of my wants, the gold of my treasure, and the reason I have for living...

This is for you- all this tarnished wealth of naught but words, my only gift of payback for a priceless all-you've-done-for-me...

An inadequate gesture on my part coming nowhere near close to the value of the treasure that being with you fairly demands, but a token gesture no less...

My love for you on a torn notebook page...

All and yet not enough.

MIRACLE

It's impossible for her not to inspire

when the gray skies cry the rains

and two lie spent together in dark rooms

tethered to the night

and silently alive in the moment...

The eyes blink open and regard the miracle sleeping next to you-

trumpets sound, bells ring, and drums pound chest-heavy rythyms...

The moment:

an improbable perfection;

a snapshot of the ideal...

So let the rains come on this night

and flash the world with branches of electrified anger...

There it a miracle here

and I must not wake her.

BEAUTIFUL AT REST

You really are quite beautiful

laying there asleep

all that strength and strut at rest..

The sunlight owns your smile

and the heavens your laughter,

and I sometimes think

that you must've been born for our love

because the taste of your lips,

the flavor of your kisses,

couldn't have come from anything without a purpose.

SILENTLY

She sings silently in the orange glow of sunlight-

a perfection held aloft like an offering of herself,

tempting gods and desperate men alike...

You were there in my dreams singing before we met,

and still you sing in the grip of the moment-

like fire caressed by the wind,

like lips meeting electric flesh for the first time,

like laughter carried through mute walls,

like a smiling cat,

like sex,

like spring time's newness affected,

or the overheard moon smiling wisely down...

She sings silently while the blood boils molten,

while all around sneaked glances covet...

And it's nothing that can be easly defined,

this creature of pouting magic...

To say it's love inspired does nothing of justice to the word...

It's more like a profound sublety at play here...

And in the end we chase our tails dizzily to capture her flavor...

We lay it on thick or cower in dark corners...

We lie and scheme and go to war to possess such a perfection...

But in the end, finally,

only the fortunate among us are allowed to fall into her maddness

and drink of her scent

like the obedient captives

we desperatly desire to be.

MOONLIT MIRICLE GIVEN FORM

Moonlit

I've seen your face bathed in a soft radiance

like beauty perfected beneath the dance of the flames

flickering expanse...

We sat, you and I,

silence rustling the wind-swept leaves like some delicate

offering of song.

You weren't aware that I was observing you, though my eyes

licked gently down the silhouette or your warmly illuminated

countenence.

You weren't aware that my eyes were held fast to the soft

contours of your breathless beauty there before me.

And I, like some thief hidden in shadow coveting my love,

sat thinking of miricles alive and a soul's pride pulsing

from a love known within...

Feeling my heart pound in my

chest, possessed by it's inspired rythem, and surging freely

to a better-held tomorrow.

and there, gripped in this perfect moment, how lucky

I felt for your majestic prescence blessing me then, and

how fortunate I must be to be allowed to love this

angelic treasure before me.

And no one knows the joy of such beautiful gifts,

not man, not gods, not beasts,

as I,

entranced,

in love

with me moonlit miricle given form.

FOR ALL THE TIMES SHE'S SAVED ME

She sees in me a thousand beauties blind to me.

She looks at me in the gold dripping sunrise leaking through

our windows.

I look up and see her smiling at me like love itself,

so I say something weak like, "what?" and look away,

the power of her eyes casting mane downward.

Beautiful beyond words on a page, she just keeps smiling,

and I think how blessed I am to have captured such a heart;

for I would give her my last breath of life

for all the times she's saved me with a look.

I would rip out my own heart from my chest if it would

please her.

There is no gold more dazzling,

no stone more precious,

no wealth more valuable

than seeing her there smiling at me like that.

So I touch pen to paper,

feeling the inspiration of her muse bubble inside me,

wanting to tell her how much I love her in words of

silken verse... How much she means to me.

And libraries can be filled

with volumes of books of worded pages

when honoring her

with the only gold I have.

ANOTHER DRIPPY-GOO FOR YOU

(UNDATED)

We dance to the music of thunder clap skies

and the drumming of raindrops battering at the window...

It's you and I against the world, kid,

and our longtime love will carry us through the worst of it...

You and I: the longshot of destined paths to beat the odds with...

A lonely man's dream realized...

And I would choose no other to be a him and her with...

And why I still find myself writing these things in your honor,

finding new ways to say the same old to a woman, a wife,

and a friend who's heard just about everything in my

limited repetoire, has to mean something on some level,

don't you think?

All I know for certain is that

it is within your smile that I wish to exist,

because

not even the rains can touch me there.

AND AS WORDS MISSING YOU

(UNDATED)

Never an angel has come to take me

with blighted, sorrowful wings

and dreams of a fanciful stride...

For the world itself plays out less exotic ends...

Having felt the world's pulse upon your lips,

even briefly,

has made the measured journey a worthy occurrance...

never an angel has come with a heart more pure

than the impossible laughter we share with our eyes

and orchestras of wordless manifestos silently singing...

For having known the lifetimes we've loved,

and you,

the only angel with me in this dark room I've known,

do golden treasures pale by comparison's measure,

borne of love, of honey laughter, of true divinty lying beside me,

and of the wordless celebration we share within the sweet breath of satisfied glance and the triumph of this unity of

our symbiotic "us" finally

and forever together singing

as all miricles should.

NOW AND FOREVER MORE

(UNDATED)

She smiles

and once angain I am lost in her dazzle...

And my past loves were practice for her.

All my past loves paled in comparison to mine for her.

All my past loves

which at the time seemed so difinitive, so potentt, so necessary,

that i feel foolish now at the amateurishness of them.

she's my forever angel

with lips that fire my loins

and sweetly caress my once lost thoughts...

now and forevermore

amen.

FOR WHATEVER THEY'RE WORTH

(WRITTEN 03-31-2016)

What's left to say when you've said just about everything

your limited vocabulary has in its reserves?

How many ways can a writer write 'I love you' or 'you're everything

to me' differently without repeating? Without sounding

like you've consulted the thesaurus to do it?

For you, I've written many books worth of poems; I've championed

every style there is- Shakespearean, Bukowskian, Modernistic

Freeverse, Blackhillsianesque, Funny, Serious, Lyrical, to the point,

wordy, Mystical ... Yet still the need is there to write another one, to

tell you again what I've had told you numerous times over...

It is a challenge to the writer in me to to try and keep it fresh.

I know It's coming as long as the drive to do it is there...

so right now, in leiu of any kind of precipitating genius , let me simply

tell you that I'm deeply in love with you, that you're still the only one

I want, that you're so much better than all the hags from my past, and

that I'm so very blessed that you ever came into my life...

I'm proud to call you 'wife' or 'lover' or 'friend',

and that my words, for whatever they're worth,

have always been for you.

LOST

(UNDATED)

That sweet electricity

of sideling glances and the evils that eyes drink in...

And I know that less fortunate souls than I

have been passed over by a lifetimes's luscious lips

smiling some unseen come hither,

eyes dancing above...

And the sweet poetry of the moment

suspended forever mid-frame memory

dances like those eyes...

Away from grip and substance

and into the maddening scent of her

fading now...

I pause... Look up...

She's there: as real as a star-filled sky of possibilities

awaiting the brushstroke of perception.

And I- captive to her everything,

falling into the maddness of her beauty

until I am lost within it...

Lost, but never wanting to find my way out again.

A THOUSAND YESTERDAYS

(UNDATED)

I sometimes remember those dark nights laying next to you,

the silence holding the shadows to the house around us,

our purpose of love between breaths...

The way you felt in my arms

and the clamoring past now as still as the stale air cocooned around us,

a thousand yesterdays as quiet as ice...

And how we made love like desperate animals unbound;

somehow a perfection of triumph laughing at the world,

laughing at death, at pain,

at the ominous ticking of the clock counting down years...

We made love desperatly because we were desperate;

desperate and abused and scarred and bloodied from life...

but somehow, through it all, we'd found each other,

and though magnetically attracted to one another, life's cruel reign dictated that we circle each other like weary jackals and size the other up...

It couldn't be helped because too many had already gone through

and really wrecked the place on the way out...

But somehow through it all,

through the ages,

through the whipping blur of roughshod follies

were we meant to champion the other's heart

and stand shining like a diamond,

like an expanse of starlight,

like smiling prison bars,

like joyful words carved of meaning,

like you,

like me,

like us together, still beating the odds

between the dark souls of our shared love...

And from within this one, true moment of contemplative excellence,

the true meaning of our lives,

of our love,

and of our purpose can now be proudly known to one and all alike

leaking in like sunlight through our windows...

Our smiles, like our love,

were written in the clouds all along...

Simply, we were ment to be together.

THE ONLY SUNLIGHT

(UNDATED)

When she smiles, his smile comes easily...

When she laughs, he loses himself in it's purpose;

her laughter a sweet music he longs for...

For when she laughs, when she smiles,

he fills with love, knowing he has accomplished something truly grand.

That smile...

That laugh...

That unpracticed love...

That perfect moment...

Is all the song he has ever wished to hear...

Is the only wealth he can lose himself in...

Is the only sunlight his dark heart aches for

or has ever wanted so badly.

TEARS ON A PAGE

(WRITTEN 01-15-2009)

Carry my love like a plague;

Like the last word spoken, like a torch dripping flame

or the future unfolding in dreams.

Carry my love like a plague;

Like a thousand insufferable silences,

like the laughter of children

or the tides thrumming rhythms in the salty dark air.

Carry my love like a plague;

Like the persistence of minutes counting off life,

like shadows that move to impossible drums,

like smiling sunlight,

like a sleeping cat,

like you in my thoughts decorating my past,

like the sun obscured by clouds

or the next best thing to a waterfall.

Carry my love, my pain, my balls, my sense of reason...

Fling them headlong into the sky,

into tomorrow's better idea,

into the seeds of mute understanding,

into crashing yellows and forest greens.

Carry my love like a plague;

Like a scar, like midnight's kiss,

like the image frozen in time

or the mountains of my heart beckoning hotly...

You are the keeper of my love,

abuse it as you see fit,

wring from it my words- tears on a page-

For no one is better suited to the task

as the one I've given myself over to

time and sweet time again.

FIERCE

(WRITTEN 10-30-2015)

Fierce in every sense of the word,

she's an artful salute to throwdown higher sexuality.

Stomping the Terra in heels,

shaking all that magic with her confident stride...

I was once as you, so I know,

that how mortal man is occasionally blessed From On High

with a vision of singularly maddening design

that makes your tantalized blood surge with orgasmic tranquility:

Breathing functions cease, locomotion siezes up and stops you,

aware of your heart beating triple-time jungle rhythms in your chest

while the Brainless Master twitches in your jeans

and all thought becomes focused upon the image of her walking by...

She is your superior in every way, owns you with a smile

and remains fixed in your mind's eye even after she's passed you by...

And now you know the god's most insidious curse:

Her image malingering in absentia

while you shamelessly hump your fist in her eternal honor.

AND THE WALLS AND THE WINDS AND THE WORDS

(WRITTEN 06-23-2018)

You are the pain of my love, the tear that graces empty space,

and the walls and the winds and the words

throw flowery contrails to celebrate your movement.

You are the pain of my love, like the bright hot sun upon us,

rays filtering down to warm cold bones.

My smile has always been owned by you

and my heart beats words upon paper to proclaim my solitary love for you.

And I remember us then:

So young and full of life...

You: Red lipstick pouting sex,

forever legs kicking silent rhythms in the cowardly night,

reading my soul-scratched pages with a coward's fear leaking from them...

Good times then, good times now,

with you here, dancing in my thoughts,

dancing like this pen on this page for you...

I should've never feared not writing for you again

when you are all I've ever written for.

WIND THE FROG

(WRITTEN 09-18-2016)

He waits for her once again,

like he has for over a dozen years, like he will for a dozen more.

He used to wait for her between walls that mocked her absense

with silent voices that illustrated his every fault...

"She's never coming back," they would say, "You blew it, Fatboy...

You chased off the last golden sunshine you'll ever have..."

Although cruel and ceaseless, he had to agree with them that

he'd lucked into her warmth no matter how briefly held,

and that such a storybook beauty was way out of his league

to realistically consider.

"You're lucky she gave you what time she had," they'd say.

"I know, I know," He'd answer.

"Princesses don't kiss frogs that stay frogs," they'd continue.

"Well, ribbit ribbit, go fuck yourselves."

Then he'd take a hit from the bottle and write another page about her,

his loneliness stretching out like a rubberband,

his world dark and empty in her absense.

Somehow though, against all odds, he'd hear her pulling up outside

and his heart would flutter like a million butterflies caught in a windstorm,

and light would return to his world,

and laughter would once again ripple in his soul,

and love would once more dance upon his pages,

singing praises on hope, happiness and the fortune of luckless gambles

shining down upon him...

And he's waiting for her once again.

LEADING LADY

(WRITTEN 12-12-2015)

It's easy to write new words for you

when the emotions encompass new vistas of definition within me

and fresh eternities chasm the infinite precipes between inspiration

and the final words written,

Love, monkeys, and the singular music of poetry...

Laughter, beauty, sex, and our futures unbound, unfolding upon us.

I surf new neural pathways upon waves of your most Patient Majesty,

jazzed just to be a part of your life's show...

And if you know me, then you know I only accept bit player status

when the leading lady is smoking hot.

THE DREAMTIME OF GODS AND FUTURE-SELVES

(WRITTEN 10-04-2016)

You are the hot blood of my passion

enflamed in the groove like a writer dancing with words...

And it still surprises me

how this old troll gambled with Luck and won a life with you...

but I suppose such is the dreamtime of gods and future-selves,

answers championed by mysterious algorithims beyond the

grasp of my waxing ken.

To my soul, I praise the monkey-sex your parents had that caused your birth, and through scenic and perilous detours, brought you into my world.

Without you, who knows what ugliness of guideless fate would've been mine-

for men like me tend to meander toward Death and Doom witout the love of a poet's to help steady the course.

You are the defining grace of my love, Jennifer,

a blessed rarity more precious than any glittering treasure to be had.

For Shakespeare there was Lady Viola. For Beethoven, his Immortal Beloved.

Bukowski had his booze, words, and Linda.

And in such an august community, Life has given Tressler his Jennifer:

the only woman to have ever tamed a heart never knowing I'd needed such...

Oh, and by the by, our monkey-sex suits me fucking fine, Love.

Happy Birthday!

BITE ME

(WRITTEN 02-28-2011)

Bite me with the pearly smile of your love,

you of great beauty and cruelty...

And I swear the gods must've been tits-up mad when they made you

and turned you loose on all us suckers!

You, of a thousand deadly glances,

winking that sweet music of yours down through the ages.

You, of leaving me a stuttering nothing-wit;

while the mouth cracks dry, and in blissful silent stipidity,

the blood rushing suddenly toward the nether-regions.

You, of an eternity swept away like the gentle hair from your face.

Life is a cracked mirror staring into the abyss without you.

So, being without you, I suppose, isn't a viable option.

I'll take the insanity over the despair of loss any day:

The last words of a sucker in love.

SO NICE TO SEE YOU FOLKS AGAIN, MAY I TAKE YOUR BAGS?

(WRITTEN 02-05-2010)

Together as man and wife, they rode into the Spiritworld's scented passages, carried on wongs of dripping inebriation... so nice to be here together once again!

The Spiritworld was a most familiar vacationing getaway for the two of them. They'd met there, had consumated their love there, had honeymooned there, and were such frequent guests, the bellboy and deskhelp knew them by name and always kept their favorite room vacant for the occasion of another visit by them.

She sipped a Bloody Mary while he inhaled drugs and wrote in a notebook, while all around them the walls laughed and flashed in and out of reality. Voices whispered by and faded away at volumes just below the threshhold of hearing, too low to be understood.

Every once in a while, they punctured the skin of air between them and merged together in commonalities of shared moments.

"Goddamn it, Aunt Mable!" He yelled at her. "You've fucking went and done it this time, by god!"

Through invisible waves of light and sound, she said, "And what have I went and done this time by god, Sugar?"

He wasn't falling for any of her tricks this time! He yelled, "YOU WENT AND GODDAMNED WELL GOT ME PICKLED, THAT'S WHAT!"

The cat walked by and slowly melted into a puddle at his feet. He watched the whole episode with silent terror and morbid curiosity.

"Honey," he called out, "Your cat just melted!"

"Sounds like something she would do," came her reply. "What do you want me

to do about it?"

He dipped his toe into the rapidly spreading puddle that used to be the cat. "I don't know, maybe grab a towel and try to wipe her up or something... someone could slip and fall."

She sipped at her cocktail and nodded absently. The moment continued to bubble along playfully.

MY WIFE SURE CAN FUCK UP A BAD POEM

OR (ALTERNATE TITLE)

BIG MEATY BOOBS

(WRITTEN 09-15-2015)

I operate according to the algorithims of a very fuzzy math...(BOOBS)

...I'm sorry, my wife just flashed me...

Okay, so where was I again?

Something about math? An accordian, perhaps?

Huh! Oh well, it's gone now.

And good riddance, too! I mean, who wants to read a poem about math and accordians? Except maybe for an accordian playing mathmatician who also enjoys reading shitty, obscure poetry?!

Hell, I don't even want to write the shit, so there you go!

It's more like... (BOOBS!)

...Another flash... my apologies...

...It's more like... like... I don't know, boobs, I guess.

Aren't boobs great? My wife's certainly are.

I believe I'm going to go over and touch one of them, maybe both...

(We wouldn't want any conflicts of jealousy to crop up, now would we?)

...So I'll just extract myself from this mess awkwardly.

I'm sorry, but the boob is mightier than the pen...

Meatier, too! So, bye!

HOW WE ROLL?!

(WRITTEN 07-21-2010)

The monkey don't dance if the monkey can't dance, girl.

And, what with all the form-letter rejection slips coming in faster than I can send the shit out, and after having a big-boy-pants examination of the facts, I can only conclude that my monkey might just be broke. And a broke monkey that won't dance aint much of a fucking monkey at all, you ask me.

What is needed now is a blue-veined-throbber of literature rather than a broke monkey. Because if you can walk around with a blue-veined-throbber poking out in 3D south of the belly button lint, you don't need no monkey one way or the other!

My monkey doesn't dance, just lays around like a sick frog sucking at the pot pipe and quickly growing obese. Can't even muster the enthusiasm to fling a little poo!

So, fuck my broke monkey, man!

Plaster his puckered pink monkey asshole against the wall, baby. Cuff him and rough him the way the little blue meanies do. Jam your thumb in his butthole and make the little bastard squirm, baby... because squirming is kind of like dancing if you look really hard at it.

That's how we roll.

Monkey see, monkey do, monkey fling monkey poo.

THE PROBLEM WITH MEN (ONE OF THEM, ANYWAY)

(WRITTEN 07-11-2014)

"The problem with men," I told my wife Jennifer, "Is that we're a gaggle of brutal, ugly, alpha-violent jerkoffs whom care naught shits-two about anything other than fighting, fucking, and bragging about those fought and fucked! Nothing else!"

"That's always been my experience with them," she replied.

We were sitting by the little pond I built, watching the goings-on of the tadpoles I'd personally stocked it with.

"Oh sure," I continued, "Some men also have other interests. Hunting and fishing and serial sex murdering and beating up fags and such..."

"Don't forget about the ones who fix cars," Jenn added.

"Oh, we can't forget about the fixers of cars, for sure! But show me one interested in self-actualized personal growth... here's a short list of them for you: One: Christ, who we nailed to a couple of stout sticks until he died... and two: Ghandi, who we shot dead! That's your big list of the last decent men we had here on earth!"

"Well, there's also you." she said, smiled and patted my arm.

See? That's why I love her.

"Yeah," I said, "But who needs some longhaired guy who plays electric guitar and writes poetry? In this rotten day and age?! Fuck it, I'd rather have a fixer of cars!"

"Not me! I'd rather be with a writer and a musician any day! I've had my fill of alpha-male... what did you call them?"

"Jerkoffs."

"Right," (she pronounced it RAHT) "Jerkoffs, they're a dime a dozen."

"Yeah," I agreed. "They're a gene pool that should've beed drained a long time ago."

That made her laugh. I always loved her laugh, man.

We, the two of us, sat side by side at the pond watching the tadpoles.

A sweeter love, I fear, has never been known!

SHE CALLS ME "RABBIT"

(WRITTEN 01-16-2016)

The girl used to come over to my house, "That structure which doth contain and collects my DNA," as I'd termed it for her... so, you know, you've got to be fairly jazzed for having gotten that far with the whole deal, that's a given. And as a good host (one who wants to keep the visitor returning again) I made sure there was PLENTY of recreational hard drugs both out and available to be done. A kind of criminal deviant's version of Chex Mix in the party bowl...

So, throughout these stolen wee-hours were things ever festive. We sat there and talked and laughed and got high and talked and laughed some more, and although the powerful masculine instinct was pumped up and wanting to get up in that, I found myself wanting to back-burner the shit in favor of not doing anything stupid or predictable or obvious or off-putting. Even though sitting there with her talking and and laughing and getting high and talking and laughing some more was quite uncomfy in the crotch region, the rest was pure glory! To sit there and enjoy the easy sight of her legs and breasts and face and hair and ass and smile was in no part quite as mystifying and tittilating as it was simply engaging the girl. She was intelligent and articulate, well read and stocked with a fair supply of essential obscure movie quotes! She *knew things, man!* Knew things one of her kind just didn't know, has and had never known! I sat there in awe of this seemingly perfect-package-woman, this incredible vision of beauty quoting from obscure reference points and otherwise tangents of thought that struck me more than once as tailormade for just who-in-the-fuck-I-was! Among my thoughts of "Goddamn, I want to fuck this woman like a spastic babboon," and "Gee, aint she purty,", was one that screamed, "This woman is either Heaven-sent from the Omniverse to me or THIS IS THE BIGGEST SET-UP IN KNOWN HISTORY!" And who in fuck's name knew which it was for sure... maybe one, maybe the other, maybe neither or both... It doesn't really matter, because when the stingy gods put something like that on your plate, the only option is to shit your pants, dive in and swim... which is exactly what I did.

MY LOVE

(WRITTEN 03-15-2003)

There is no light as bright as your dazzle, and girl, I look at you and watch the other men watching you and I feel my chest expand with swelling pride over how well you handle it, and how good you look while slumming to the bozos!

Believing you to be a forever-companion is one of the greatest secret indulgences of a longshot-faith I allow myself, because without you in my life, right where I like you to be, I can feel Hell's Sorrow nibble away at my insides like a school of stomach-pirhanna feasting on me in there...

And the tears?

There are no tears as broken spirited

as those tasted in your absense, my love.

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR CRITICISM OF MY LAST LOVE POEM

(WRITTEN 09-25-2008)

Okay, maybe the word 'shit' wasn't the right nor the best word for me to put in a love poem for you.

Maybe I should've searched for a better adjective to use. Maybe I should've put a little more thought and class into it... should've looked before I leapt...

But darling,

the word simply fit right there. It wasn't used maliciously against you. And maybe I'm a damn-fool for putting the word 'shit' in a love poem to you. History will say whether it works or it doesn't.

History may judge me a piss-poor poet guilty of egregiously bad poetic form for my misusage of descriptive wordage...

But damn it,

it will not accuse me of literary dishonesty without getting its bra strap snapped severely for it!

Or maybe you're totally right and it is an inexcusable all-of-the-above-damnation for me to hide cowering from.

History will tell.

WHAT'S CRAZY? (BESIDES US?)

(WRITTEN 04-11-2010)

It's not often that I succumb to public expressions of tenderness (a thing like that can play pure hell with one's street cred, you know), but when you're away and even knowing you'll be coming back eventually, doesn't help the absense of you one bit!

And for the record, I think you're a pretty good old hide, craziness included. Oh sure, you're loopier than a twisted Slinky! Of course, its a given that having cohabitated with my tumbling dumbass for the last decade striaght had a very large hand in contributing generously to your said craziness...

But goddamn it, this isn't, for once, about me!

What's crazy is how fucking much I love being with you!

All those forever nights spent high together talking, all the laughs, the loves, even the occasional petty disagreements we experience from time to time, has made living ever-splendid!

You are everything to me, Mrs. Tressler- the one from a sea of millions that I never want to be away from...

And your capacity for tolerance and the patient way you, for some reason, continue to afford me, is nothing short of the biggest break my life has ever lucked into! And if you can put up with me for this long then I guess you deserve to. Such a rarity of undisguised kindness certainly qualifies as the biggest break my life has ever lucked into part 2!

Now, if you'd quit making it all about me for a couple of ticks and let me get back to my earlier point... I've been trying to tell you that you're dreamier and way cooler than free drugs, electric guitars, and lucking into a “Deadliest Catch” marathon all rolled up into one, baby! And if that doesn't say I love you, well then, I'll just have to say, “I love you” instead...

Jennifer, Mrs. William Tressler, Chickie, Muffincakes, Duder, Motherfucker, Baby, whichever name you respond to, I REALLY DO LOVE YOU, SWEETNESS! I love you bigger than... well, someplace pretty large, that's for sure! I'll never tire of missing you when you're gone, because the reward I experience everytime you come in through our door speaks volumes to the depth of love I have and feel for you, loopier than a twisted Slinky and all!

THE SECOND SHOT'S A DOOOZY

(WRITTEN 12-29-2015)

I'm getting to be a pretty good shot with my cock these days, if I don't say so myself. You see, historically, I've been plagued by a natural tendency to shank my wad, causing it/them to miss the target shy left (my perspective).

I've tried last second swivels to compensate my aim, but simply the act of coming tends to cause in me unforseen distractions.

Before present, my best shot was a lucky blob that hit my ex-girlie smack dab right in her left eye (see, left again!)! Strangely enough, this made her mad. She started cussing me while furiously rubbing at her eye, her legs still spread, my cock still guns-hot. “Goddamn it, you prick,” she scolded, “You got me in the eye!”

“A bullseye?” I only half joked.

“You're a dick,” she continued angrily. “It really fucking burns!”

This just showed me and confirmed to her that I, and only I (pun intended) could fuck up coming!

These days though, with steady practice aiming at a worthwhile target, I'd have to say that my game, as well my aim, has vastly improved. I don't know if it's due to the frequency with which I fuck, but the fact that fucking my smoking hot wife makes me geyser like I'm spraying bullets from a fully automatic Uzi, thus improving my shot accuracy due entirely to my rapidfire spray of spunk, or, telemeter wad placing corrections, or a combination of the two. Fact is that I'm now a fairsight better than Marksman! These days, it's nothing for me to score a face hit or two per cum.

My wife, in addition to being ever moreso cooler than any of my exes (especially the one in particular who'd bitched about my defeatedly proud redeye hit) and certainly wouldn't begrudge me a winning volley even if painful, but

she's also more than a bit brighter than any of them too (and one in particular), taking the precaution of always now wearing an eye-protective blindfold apparatus pre-coitus!

But last night was my best yet, my best to date, and one I don't think I'll ever hope to top, not in a million cums! Last night, adhering to the Rhythm Method, I'd pulled out and started my usual beating-that-thing-like-it-owed-me-money-bit... First shot was a dud, barely landing above her naval. Second shot, though... KA-POW! I got her, I crap you a firm negatory, got her direct inside her left nostril (left again!) After we laughed about it and she blew her schnozz like a stuffed up sheep, I lauded to her, “A snootful of Billy T's Seminal Supplimental 12 is just what the doctor ordered, baby!” We, she and I, sang lofty praises for my fucking nose-hole-in-one (or two, rather)!

And that is why, fellow space vagrants, my wife needed to blow her nose after sex... CLASSIC!

JENNIFER (A POEM NAMED BY JENNIFER)

(WRITTEN 01-04-2004)

Om a stone-cloud puff, set high above y'all-

And stormin' those gates boots-first,

Held to the bobcat's balls for sheer moxie,

We're humpin' wild tornado in the jagged beyond

where angels not only fear to tread,

but are considered fair motherfuckin' game, sister!

When it's your turn to speak

I'll take it out of your mouth,

But until then, you gets to up-fuck-shuttin'

and please try to concentrate!

BADDA-BOOM

(WRITTEN 02-14-2009)

Got Aunt Mable saddled up and ready to Watusi!

She's holding my guitar like its her own 3 foot cock, wagging and a-waving the goddamn thing out in front of her...

“GODDAMN IT, AUNT MABLE,” I yell. “EITHER PLAY THAT THANG OR JERK IT OFF, MAN!”

She smiles. And suddenly it's all about that smile.

She holds my heart in her gaze and my guitar in her hands.

“PLAY THAT THANG, GIRL! WORK IT, BABY, SHIT!”

It's Valentine's Day of Ought-Nine, our first year's anniversary as well, so it's an august occasion by any drooler's standards!

We are two of one, this twisted beauty and I, so when we grace the world outside our door, WE WORK IT, MAN!”

We stomp Lord Buckley's Terra like we own the dive, baby!

Mr. And Mrs. Satan, tooled up arm in arm, doing the town, thank you!

And need I remind that if you weren't invited, don't ask to come along?

This life we're sharing suffers no pretenders.

TRAINWRECK

(WRITTEN 01-12-2016)

Like oceans raging in tempest storms, powerful is the manner with which her hypnotizing beauty claims my soul.

The heart beats double-time rhythms in my chest, and my blood races molten in my veins, my breath freezes in my lungs, the mind reels while my sight dizzies, sending all things madly spinning...

And I'm aware how off-kilter my body-politic feels when I am in the stately presence of the one so causing said state.

That is what her beauty has always done to me.

It takes a sane, rational being and turns him to a gibbering trainwreck of star-struck foolishness JUST LIKE THAT! Turns a reasonably intelligent man into the babbling moron that I feel myself become in her presence!

All in the span of a smile, of a slow-blink of her warm brown eyes regarding me, of a lightning quick headlong glance my way, or sitting across from her while she reads, watching her cross and uncross those forever legs of hers, entraps me helplessly as hers.

And though I may outwardly appear to be in control of my physical faculties, it is nothing more than a lie done only with the most intensive of inner efforts making it seem so, because inwardly the whole things a mess, a beautiful, miraculous mess...

So try not to believe everything you see.

ISOLATED IN OUR LOVE

(WRITTEN 04-10-2016)

I ride a fortune of life with you, a luck that smiles rarely upon one of The Doomed... Love laughs from dark walls and Fate smiles for me because of you, Most Fortuitous of Happenstance Given Form...

And somewhere else is the world beyond these walls: a rank nothing of trite over-effort and predictable personality types...

I prefer it here, away from it, walled happily away from Human Society; Kept in with my little bubble of worth-everything, kept in with you and no one else other; Isolated in our love, a love that, like timeless precious masterpieces, must be kept from the sullying hands of those who would jealously destroy it with their banality.

THE BLOOMING OF SPRINGTIME BLOSSOMS

(WRITTEN 05-11-2015)

This is for you- My Love Eternal, my laughing starlight, my artful exquisite, my only gamble to pay dividends...

This is for you- My muse, the brown eyes of my inspiration, my only faithful reader, my lascivious lover, my best friend and co-conspirator, my one true love and my recognized soulmate companion...

This is for you- my 1540 on the SATs, my easily first place, owner of my last name and only heart, the bearer of my children, my bravely smiling Now, my last great lay and catcher of my flung DNA...

This is for you- The pride in my strut, this Beast's Beauty, my fairytale ending, my luck of random paths, my better half, my dancing walls, the joy in my soul...

This is for you- My southern Belle slumming it with me, my willing victim, my Goddess in Human form, my triumph beyond knowing, my knowing beyond ken, my ever-smiling sun, my trampoline tramp, my fortune ringing home...

How could I ever have lucked out meeting you?

How could I have ever made you feel second to my ghosts of hags?

How can I make up to you any hurt I've caused?

How can you love this strange thing of Me?

Shit, I can't dance, can't win bread for shit, can't fix cars or buy you pretty things, plus I have a really shitty arm from the outfield...

I am the nothing I fear someday you'll wake to discover, to learn the cheap illusion of my parlor tricks, to suddenly and with alacrity, note my ugliness, my rank inferiority, my unworthiness to be with such a winning ticket.

I suppose I'll have to hope the illusion still transmits, that the guise I don holds true and the mask I wear remains an adequate interface you'll never grow weary of...

Because through and through, when all is said and dumb and the chips are down and that fat lady's a-singing, it's you who classes up this duo; It's you who is the real catch and the holder of great magic...

You are the blooming of Springtime blossoms, and I am beyond lucky to have captured your love for the miraculous years you've blessed me with...

Thank you. And I love you, always... Please?

SPRING'S PERVS

(WRITTEN 03-27-2014)

She puts the “tramp” in “trampoline” and, man, what a good ride! Lots of ups and downs, lots of much bouncy-bouncy, ins and outs aplenty!

And beneath the warm late-winter sun, beneath the morphing clouds above, beneath the welcoming blue sky, while the kiddies were at school and grandma was busy watching her court shows, methinks the Welshley Arms aint the only place getting busy, baby!

BOUNCY BOUNCY... BOINGY BOINGY...

“Oh look, dearest! The Spring perverts have arriven early!”

“My! Oh yes, indeed, darling! Look at them go!”

Look at them, indeed.

There must be a reason why two adult 40ish parents suffering poverty and addiction are somehow still together and happily so after 13 years-a-couple and five on paper...

Oh yeah! Now I remember...

They love each other.

TONGUE-TIED

(WRITTEN 05-01-2012)

We are the fortune of ourselves, a wealth of together, and our strength is our love, our friendship, and our marriage.

We are the fortune of ourselves- Two like souls brought together by the unlikeliest of fate, almost as if by a most miraculous of coincidence.

And finding love, such as it is these days, is an extreme rarity of chance, a blessing of a find, something worth holding on to and being thankful for. And I've always been thankful for having met you since that first night we shared, thankful for the strange twist of circumstances that are now and forever carved into the fabric of history's past. And since then, I've been a faithful captive to your beauty, breathless and insecure within the majesty of your presence, like some kind of floundering child afflicted of acute shyness.

You've always done that to me, you know? Still do, too. Making me feel tongue-tied and somehow unworthy of the treasure of you and all that you bring so effortlessly. With a simple smile, a laugh, a look, you own the ability to possess fully, and hypnotized, I remain- a man still desperate in his hope that he will be, and all that he has left, worth one-tenth of all that you bring so effortlessly to this, to us, and to the richness of this life...

And for that, for the sheer joy of the experience, and especially for the miracle of having been blessed with the fortune of having such an incredible woman in my life, I give heartfelt thanks to the universe, to fate, to the stars and the heavens and the gods above for having delivered you to me, in the dizzying darkness of my undying love.

UNTITLED UNDATED

Take my heart in your hands

And wring from it all that I am

Wring from it these words wet with tears

And a soul less than desired and bottomed out

I am nothing without you

And only slightly more than nothing with you

It's all just the fall of the cards, I supposed,

Beholden to an odds favoring loss

So kiss my sadness with your silent hate

Train me with the back of your hand

Your eyes burn the life from me

And leave me bled-dry where I belong

WHOOPSIE DAISIES, INDEED! MY REALLY BAD...

(WRITTEN 11-12-2015)

I've heard it said that when one assumes, an ass is made of you and me (or out of one and one), and while the tired addage holds true most of the time, I'm afraid that I'm the moron that makes the exception...

Being the stone deaf hunk of dull-witted musician-type I am, I'm forced, due to my inability to hear most people's talking, to have to assume shit all the time. I can really only hear what amounts to a faraway jumbled stream of nasally monotone slurring grunts, unclear vowel sounds and only the 4th or 5th hard consonant. I, for the most part, have to totally wing it when it comes to preserving the illusion that I've understood what was said to me.

Mostly it's a harmless pageant of hiding my moronicism, my Tour deMoron, as it were, consisting of a lot of nodding and shrugging and "Yeah-yeahs" and "You don't say's" that rarely get me in the shit. Give me a vague keyword I can seize, use and repeat back to you, and You'll never know that although we appear to be conversing actively, I really haven't the slightest sodden shit what you're, and by default- we're babbling about!

Such a liberal freewheeling abuse of the facts occasionally backfires on me... Case in point: The case of: When One SHOULD NOT Utilize a Single-Sentence Summary to Fill a Pregnant Pause Despite Having NO FUCKING CLUE AS TO WHAT HAS BEEN SAID... Let me fill you in with a scenario:

I'd just given my beautiful wife a thorough fucking. You know the kind: rope-tied-wrists, blindfold on, lights, cams and action Rolling... just fucked the poor girl silly! Fucked, stuck, Licked and sucked, pelvis-pounded, defiled and wore that shit like a hat, man! Just wrecked her, turned her sticky, broke, confused and giddy with work-sore nethers... after a quick, whore's-bath-freshening-up and mandatory re-upping of highs, we were in the car headed for the Simla Branch Library for some post-coital kicks.

Once there, my wife, as per her bladder's-travels, excused herself to their public bathroom while I perused their limited non-fiction shelf. After an extended amount of time by most standards, she returned from “making her waters” and sidled up to me. In longtime drug-user's purposely muffled tones, she whispered something toward my ear, something obviously meant in confidences. Within this cinnamin gum scented stream of unhearble word-sounds, I thought I'd caught and made out a good solid 3 or 4 of them total. I heard 'bathroom', 'pain, and what sounded to me like 'sandpaper'...

Armed with these three keywords 'bathroom', 'pain', and 'sandpaper', I truly believed I had a decent read on what she'd said. Without looking up, I commented back something to the effect of, “Well, I certainly won't want to be using that thing anytime soon,” - This would've been fine, dandy and made of sunshine and farts *IF WE'D BEEN TALKING ABOUT WHAT I ASSUMED WE'D BEEN TALKING ABOUT!* I would've bet my friend Brandon's last ball that she and I had been discussing that she'd visited their facilities and had found the experience painful because either the toilet seat or their toilet paper had been rough like sandpaper. In this respect, my single sentence summary would've been not only correct, but a reaffirmation of sympathetic undertsanding and confirmation of my loving mate's public restroom woes.

Of course, this HAD NOT BEEN THE CASE AT ALL.

Nope. Turns out the wifey had said something entirely different. Well knowing and understanding the various madnesses and stupidities I'm chock full of, my wife being good-hearted and natured and all, started laughing uproariously there in the middle of the library, to the point that her real, true and hidden HERP-HERP-HEEERRRRPPPP-LAUGH that sounds like the tortured braying of an asthematic donkey came out! Laughing like some major funny shit just went down on my watch and I'd missed it.

“What? Why was that so funny, Sugartwat?” I asked, innocently, sincerely.

Still end-laughing, she wiped the laugh-tears from her cheeks and said, “Dipshit, I'll tell you in the car,”

Dipshit? I thought, *Funny?!* Words just not computing for me.

Finally after sweating it, dreading it, not getting it for an eternity absently peering at the shelf of DVDs and wondering what in the fuck, we were back inside our car heading home. It was then I was hipped to both what had been so brayingly funny to her, and why I'd been granted the unwanted sobriquet Dipshit...

Turns out, Dipshit was entirely relevantly donned...

When my wife had sidled on up to me, what she'd actually said to me was that when she'd used the bathroom, she'd discovered that I'd given her lady-bits quite the working over, stretching her tread temporarily cattywampus and making her quite sore down there (or THORE, if you want it to rhyme).

In instant retrospectiveness, speaking as we were of my wife's vagina and NOT of the Simla Branch Library's lack of toilet facility comfort, I could see and still can see how my saying, “Well, I certainly won't want to be using that thing anytime soon!” Could be taken entirely out of context in the worst of ways... Dipshit, indeed-ee-D'oh!

WARM ETERNAL TOMORROWS

(WRITTEN 11-06-2008)

Every once in a tick, more in fact than I'd care to disclose to naked strangers, readers or naught, I sit here quite alone with the raucous cacophony of voices in my thoughts. And every twice in a tick, without purposeful provocation, a sudden surging of intense love for you and for our family manifests. All other thoughts, whatever stresses, problems and potential approaching crises there are, were, and have taken stubborn root there fade to black, are drowned like fleeing rats and made quite insignificant by the emergence of this new thought.

It's the strangest thing, really.

Very unlike my normal processes of thought.

As if by arcane sorcery, my fears become laughable, stresses become a calm blue well-being, uncertainty becomes confidence, darkness light, anger... well, you get the idea.

And it is within these strange and welcomed moments that don't quite belong that I am forced to realize the depths of just how much I love you and our kids Nikki and The Bweeb, how much I treasure our life together. You are, for me, the perfect compliment to what I am...

I want you to know right here and now how blessed I feel I am to have you sitting next to me in this silence, you reading your book and filling my life with warm eternal tomorrows I look forward to experiencing with you. I love you.

TO: SUGARTWAT, FROM: SWEET-TOOTH

(WRITTEN 07-19-2016)

You see, we've got a good thing going between us, Sugartwat. The semantics work, the logic is sound- My Outtie fits almost perfectly in Your Innie! And fools we'd have to be, reckless fools if we were to ignore an aspect of the biological symmetry of the universe speaking so directly to us! You know the old saying I think I just made up: “If it fits, fit it!”...

So, you see, Sugartwat, that its not just a harmless pelvic-mashing-ugly-bumping rank encounter of sex I'm proposing we have, but an ordained act of stellar mathematics to conscecrate the natural harmonic resonance of balance and flow that exists nonlocally between energies of like expression! The very sacred act of fitting my Outtie into your accomodative Innie is transcendant of similar unheralded acts promoting coarse vulgarities of physical satiation and, instead, champions the natural eradication of dualistic disharmony within a universe beholden to the tenets of a chaos-driven entropic system such as ours, helping restore the offsetting balance of the forces governing order...

So, with all this new data in mind and in the healthy spirit of the above-mentioned universal truisms, Sugartwat, with my head held high and with a loud steady voice, I say, “Let's fuck!”